

presented with a good deal of the following kind:

On the third level of "Ekistic subjects" I must isolate the functions in order to study them separately. The function of residence influences every element we have studied on the second level, which in turn exists within every Ekistic unit at the first level. Now we must take the functions one by one. This will mean taking the function of residence out of all the elements and out of all Ekistic units and developing an understanding, a conception, a policy and a programme for the whole system of residence in our settlement. . . . We then move to the fourth level . . . the fifth level.

We must, in short, be thorough in our investigations: who would doubt it?

Ekistics could exist as a purely theoretical science; but its principal justification, and the only one considered by Dr. Doxiadis, is practical. So the test of any ekistic theory is essentially whether it tends to help in the creation of towns that are good to live in. Ekistic theory bears about the same relation to everyday living in towns or cities as political economy does to everyday family spending: the need for the two generalized sciences is similar; but the connections ought to be displayed sometimes. It is a gravely disappointing feature in Dr. Doxiadis's book that only very rarely does he give any impression of being aware of what it is like to be in a city rather than planning it from above: there are nearly five hundred figures in his book, but almost no photographs or drawings made at ground level, hardly anything so frivolous as a picture whose direct relevance to his own living the reader might recognize (in this respect Mr. Bacon's book is immeasurably its superior); nothing but tables and graphs and at best two-dimensional plans which are incidentally (because of injudicious screening) extremely hard to read. And although there may be a place for a specifically theoretical and general study of ekistics, the real danger, which Dr. Doxiadis does not escape in this book, is that theory will become the master of practice to the extent of predetermining not only goals but ways of attaining them. Many readers may well feel alarmed when he justifies using projects he has worked on as examples not only because he knows them well, but because "they correspond to the theory I am presenting".

Dr. Doxiadis shows himself to be in the grip of certain theoretical ideas and models which turn his thinking rigid. He is, for example, fond of speaking of human settlements as organisms, and draws many—too many—conclusions from the analogy between them and natural organisms without keeping in mind that the identification must be a metaphor. He quotes Bertrand de Jouvenel's insistence on the fact that it is the whole human organism that has value, not its component parts, while the body politic is only justified by its components; real persons. But he does not draw the moral of this: that the relation of cell to organic body is not at all the same as that of person to city; and indefensible analogies continue to be drawn. Again, Dr. Doxiadis presents us with a very simplistic account of the layout and relation of ekistic units, which might be satisfactory as a basic, elementary model, but cannot possibly justify him in sweeping practical conclusions, such as the total overall superiority of a gridiron layout of streets. The rigidity of his thinking occasionally leads to absurd non-sequiturs, as when we are told that "we can have revisions of plans every given number of years in the same fashion in which we have to renew our driving licences". What can be the point of such a comparison?

More seriously, he time and again spoils or limits the usefulness of discoveries of real value. Perhaps the most important of these is his realization (which he demonstrates convincingly) that a "dynamic" city must have room for a growing centre, and that the growth must be unidirectional, for otherwise pressures on the central area become intolerable and in the end suffocate it. So—in practice as in theory—Dr. Doxiadis draws a straight line in one direction from the existing city centre, continuing it indefinitely. But why a straight line? There are considerations beyond particular topographical

considerations which might recommend, say, a crescent, which could remain open-ended within any conceivable period for which we could plan, but might contain the city as a unit in a way impossible for the indefinitely extendable rectilinear plan.

This emphasis on the straight line plays a large part in determining Dr. Doxiadis's thinking further into the future. If one continues a straight line on the earth's surface, sooner or later it will meet another straight line. Repeat this often enough, and we are in Ecumenopolis, the world-city that sprawls like an endless suffocating net over the entire habitable surface of the earth. The maps with which Dr. Doxiadis illustrates his nightmare chapter in *Cities of Des-*

everything that a city should have; no one is too far to walk from his home to anywhere else in the city, yet it is large enough to offer multifarious satisfaction. May Cumbria be another Arezzo? But there is of course a very important difference between a city of fifty thousand people and a neighbourhood in an urban spread that may run to so many millions. A sense of containment as well as the immediate link with Nature is one of the conditions for the Tuscan and Umbrian hill towns reaching so near an ideal. Dr. Doxiadis, on the other hand, eagerly pictures parks which will "represent all the different landscapes from which the people come", gardens "which will try to catch the meaning of the whole earth (!)" and to present it on a very small scale in

million), the world population will stop growing, because

an increase beyond that magnitude would not leave enough space for a proper habitat for man, for the preservation of nature, and for the survival of open spaces in proper balance with the built-up areas of the world.

But what can be meant by "proper" here? What is a proper habitat for man, and who is it who can "calculate man's needs" against the possibility of life on this scale? Doubtless technological advances will enable the earth to support (that is, produce enough food for) a much larger population than it has now, even though the number of those without enough to eat is still steadily increasing. But will that guarantee a proper balance between man and

human settlements do not consist of the built-up parts of the world, which are drawn on our maps as a totality of functions, but of much more extensive areas which are indispensable to the survival of the built-up areas. Let us get that even though Man can live in the built-up area of cities, he depends on their total vitality.

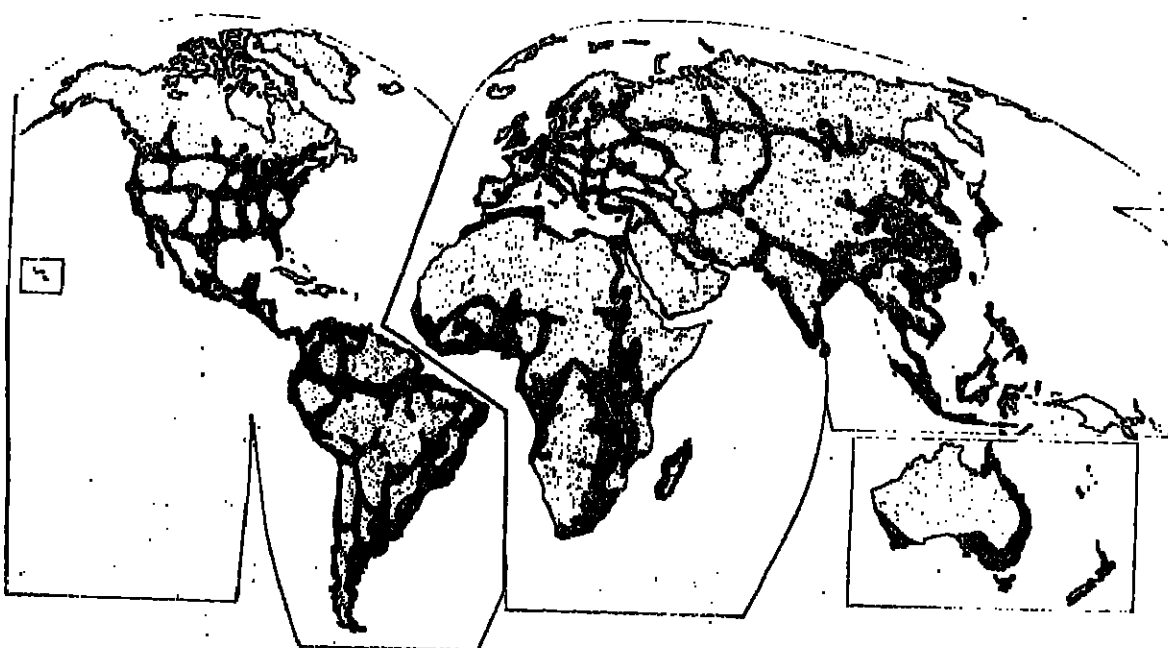
At this point we may begin to feel a little. For it all comes to what is thought independent of what is a proper balance. The cannot accept Dr. Doxiadis's phreases will be grateful to put the issue so clearly, for sense made plain in these sentences, it can be claimed that parts of the world, England, north-western continental Europe, for example, Ecumenopolis is now, that England is dead, and that the indispensable will not continue to be the country gets (as Dr. Doxiadis predicts it will) much more populated. Mill thought years ago that it would be if the population of England were growing then; many of us today at the dreary suburbs of England, would say the right. So if we are free to A.D. 2100 that any further population would destroy balance, we are free to now.

As we all know, there is a world would have called a perfect solution to the problem of the world's galloping birth-rate, course any possible solution practice be appallingly if we could compound differences and settle against the kind of Dr. Doxiadis has in store, we want to hold the movement even set the movement Douglas Houghton has been playing Canute waves of human fecundity the present world situation for such a solution must be able and childish to the cynic. It is not more Dr. Doxiadis's picture of a utopian dream-world which into being because the world have no beginning and the same reasoning a tyranny seems a rather outcome. And even if that our political problems solved so dramatically by world tolerable in which human nature that remains captured like a Victorian a great industrial city, bitten down to human humanity endlessly Linkinwater's courtyard Nickleby, in which all represented by a cripple cage and a few night flower-pots? There are 2,000 million years to go.

But though this is the thinking which is likely to most immediate side given an unfortunate prominence by its place in *Destiny*, it would be Dr. Doxiadis's own recognizing, by way of a bizarre conclusion, the invented the very necessary ekistics—as a science—handed. For this much and so is a recognition of and profound humility and debate: if his expression seems dogmatic, he is no dictator. The most moving of his humility comes in quotes against himself a lesson for us all. It tells

a recent incident in Rio de Janeiro I presented a plan for the of the slums, the "favelas": city. Upon completion of tion, somebody asked me: are to be no "favelas" pose the samba?

Dr. Doxiadis adds a final with a wisdom to which seem many planners do approach: I could not answer that as long as I am not able will know that we are our study of the science of men.



"The world-wide network of Ecumenopolis, with a population of some 35 thousand million people, which will absorb the important cities of the past, present and future by the end of the twenty-first century. . . . one of Constantinian Doxiadis's 'somewhat misleading' maps from *Cities of Destiny*."

they are—as the more spacious treatment in his own book shows—somewhat misleading. But only somewhat: we are still promised the great webs of building over all the continents, with the open space remaining as mere chunks in the urban spread. (Rupert Birkin in *Women in Love* assured Ursula Brangwen, who did not want to live in chinks, that those who will inherit the earth "are the children of men, they like market-places and street corners best. That leaves plenty of chinks". He had not seen Dr. Doxiadis's maps.) Now Dr. Doxiadis, however hidebound we may find his thinking, is—it cannot be doubted—a very humane man. He insists that the planning of our cities

must be done with only one thing in mind: how to serve man best, and not how to expand and enlarge existing urban forms which are incommensurate in both scale and content with the forms that are now going to have to be created on a completely different scale.

The most obvious fear of a vast world-city is that it should be just like any of our present ones, but thirty times larger than all of them put together, an agglomeration of man's power to grasp imaginatively. So Dr. Doxiadis stresses again and again the crucial importance of preserving the human scale. Law 25 in his basic theory states:

The most important balance of all the elements in space is that of the human scene, which is fully controlled by Man through his body and senses.

This is no mere sop to pacify poor-bullied humanity: it has, for instance, an important corollary in the need to keep the smaller ekistic units static within the dynamic and growing metropolises. And for these smaller units Dr. Doxiadis retains a belief in a size that has been proved in very different conditions: a population nearer to fifty than a hundred thousand (which was that of ancient Athens and still is that of many admirable towns in Italy and France) represents, as he sees, the limit of what can become an immediate part of human consciousness, but it is at the same time capable of yielding very substantial rewards in civilized living. It has been remarked somewhere that Arezzo contains within its walls

a symbolic way". This is doubtless derived from notions of Japanese gardening; but it unfortunately also suggests people cramming themselves into plummy landscapes, rather as we walk today through tiny model villages, and the Lake District on a warm bank holiday weekend, or Professor Toynbee's book, give what must be a very feeble pointer ahead. The possibility of solitude (the need for which Dr. Doxiadis insists on) will be an ever-unrealizable dream.

The fact is that, while Dr. Doxiadis's prophetic imagination is certainly more fertile than Professor Toynbee's and probably than Mr. Mumford's, it is nonetheless essentially undisciplined and barbaric. The world-city to which he looks forward, however much of an improvement on the dismal reality of the present in sanitation and speed of movement, must represent the final disintegration of the idea of a rich but contained human community built up with reverence for human life and a human scale—which it is as important to preserve horizontally as vertically. Megalopolis becomes, as Mr. Mumford puts it, "an instrument for disrupting the processes of culture and ultimately arresting human development". Little less than a slow-acting equivalent for a nuclear catastrophe.

The assumption of the onset of Ecumenopolis is based on the view that all the larger human settlements have become or are about to become "dynamic" (the word is too often the favourite of people attempting to justify purposeless movement against the claims of coherence and stability, though it would be unfair to accuse Dr. Doxiadis of that). He would probably call Mr. Mumford's insistence on the "need" to prevent the coalescence of one urban unit with another "a static solution" to a dynamic problem. Yet Dr. Doxiadis too believes in an ultimate overall situation of stasis, to which it is not so very different from his dynamic philosophy. For he has decided that at somewhere, near the force

nature? What is a proper balance between man and nature? How elastic is it, and what can it absorb on one side without giving way on the other?

What is most striking behind the thought both of a pessimist like Professor Toynbee and of an enthusiast like Dr. Doxiadis is the nearly complete acceptance of historicist assumptions. Dr. Doxiadis on one occasion allows himself to open a sentence with the ominous words, "History shows. . . . What in particular history shows him is that the world population has been steadily increasing for a long time, and is at present increasing at an accelerating rate, and that therefore the increase must go on. Only, comfortingly, it will come to a stop, not when an ideal, but when the 'last possible' state is reached, when the possibility of 'proper balance' is in danger—if, presumably an agreed notion of the proper can be arrived at and acted on by all. So the historicist premise is taken for granted, but dropped (in desperation?) when its ultimate logic becomes unendurable. Why then should it not be declared unendurable now? Dr. Doxiadis insists at the beginning of his book that his whole work is based on the belief that the situation in which we now find ourselves is not inevitable, that it is up to the people to change it ("history shows" that this can be done). Yet he is determined that Ecumenopolis is the destiny or the doom of humanity; for

the great forces shaping the Ecumenopolis, such as economic, commercial, social, political, technological and cultural, are already being deployed and it is too late to reverse them.

Wild generalizations like this are quite without any identifiable meaning: how can we recognize all these forces that are thrown at us with so little respect for our intelligence? Yet they can be dangerous, for if not challenged, they help to clear the path for the things they are supposed to forestall. It seems, however, when one looks into the argument more closely, that everything is not quite so irrevocably in train after all. In an extremely revealing answer to those who argue that Ecumenopolis

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FRANK SWINNERTON

years one of England's leading novelists
years a literary critic and literary historian

Frank Swinnerton, friend of Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, Henry James and a myriad others. One of the few surviving members of the Georgian literary scene, whose first novel *THE MERRY HEART* was published on 25 February 1909.

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The Valkyrie of Essen

WILLIAM MANCHESTER: *The Arm of Krupp, 1587-1968*. 1053pp. Michael Joseph. £3 3s. 6d.

Krupp is a name which even today arouses strong emotions. To many it is synonymous with German aggression. To those who take that view, the firm bears as great a responsibility for two World Wars as Wilhelm II and Hitler: Krupp furnished the tools which enabled these men to start on the job. On this basis the history of the firm and the company can be fitted into an "historical" framework which traces the aggressive urge in an unbroken line back to the Germanic tribes of Tacitus's time.

Mr. Manchester clearly belongs to this school of thought. At the very beginning of *The Arm of Krupp* we are assured that the ancient Germans, "virile, sentimental, insecure and melancholy, distrustful of outsiders," were even then haunted by fear of "enemy encirclement" (*Umkreisungsangst*). At the very end of the book, reviewing the history of this "extraordinary old family", the author, in a passage which speaks volumes for his style as well as his approach, writes:

Back and back, past the Friedrich Krupp and the Anton and Georg and Wilhelm and Heinrich Krupps—and the Katharinas and Helenes and Gertruds and Theodoras, the Krupp Valkyrie—back and beyond the first glinting razor-sharp bayonets, the first sluglike cannon balls, the agony of the Thirty Years' War and the Black Death—back past the early black-and-white Westphalian cottages into other times, older than the written record of Essen's original Krupp, or even the Dark Ages; back to the jumbled terror of the Hercynian forest, when the Rhineland was a Roman outpost, and men believed in monstrous things, and the barbaric Ruhr lay dark under the moon, the evening wind like a wailing of ghosts, and the first grim Aryan savage crouched in his garment of coarse skins, his crude javelin poised, tense and alert, cloaked by night and fog, ready; waiting; waiting; waiting.

By the time one reaches this passage on page 953 one has become

accustomed to the author's odd flights of fancy. The first Krupp of whom there is a record could, we are told, "just as easily have sprung order pad in hand from the hot loins of a dragon". Whatever his parentage, "he makes his debut with elephantine tread". The projectiles fired from the Krupp gun which in 1918 bombarded Paris approached with a sound like "an enormous dachshund vomiting". Berthold Beitz, the man whom Alfred Krupp brought in to help rebuild the firm after the Second World War, constantly referred to as "der Amerikaner", thought of assets in terms of Goldfinger.

Throughout the author is concerned to build up an atmosphere of lowering tension by the use of German in the text: the chapter numbers are given in German; passages in German are constantly quoted and then translated, though perhaps one should not complain about that since there are quite a number of mis-translations. Above all, the author seems incapable of thinking himself back into the historical context in which the events he describes took place. This failure sometimes manifests itself in odd ways, as when he says that Napoleon III after his defeat was carried off to a *Stalag*. But the general impression is that his whole approach has once and for all been determined by the one moment when Alfred Krupp stood in the dock at Nuremberg and was condemned of plunder and spoliation and the employment of slave labour.

One can of course always make allowances for an author's preconceptions when he tells the story of an individual or a family. But the history of Krupp is more than that; it is also the story of a firm and one characterized by the fact that until the death of Alfred Krupp it was under the sole control of the owner. The rise and fall of the firm of Krupp—from the time that Friedrich spent his all in attempts to make steel to the recent rescue operation—would make a fascinating company history. Admittedly the financial evidence is scarce.

Unfortunately the author does not

seem very happy with numbers. We are told that a steel ingot shown by Alfred Krupp at the Paris Exhibition in 1854 weighed 100,000 pounds and later on that it weighed five tons. The ballistic expert may perhaps be able to make something of the fact that the muzzle velocity of the Big Bertha guns which pulverized Belgian defences at the beginning of the First World War "was equal to that of five express trains weighing 250 tons each, travelling at a speed of 62 m.p.h."; the ordinary mortal cannot. On one page we are assured that Krupp produced twenty million tons of shells a year during the Second World War, two pages later that due to Allied bombing of communications the 30,000 tons of goods produced by the whole Ruhr every day could no longer be shifted. When it comes to pure finance, the figures are equally puzzling.

Mr. Manchester is at his most interesting when describing the idiosyncrasies of what by any standards is an eccentric family. He is rightly fascinated by the personal quirks of the succession of men who nonetheless pursued the greater glory and expansion of the firm with a single-minded ruthlessness which finally was to send Alfred to jail. But while for good or evil, from pioneering social welfare for the labour force through secret and illegal rearmament in the Weimar period to the crimes committed in the Nazi era—the family totally dominated Essen, its importance certainly in recent years has been nothing like as great as Mr. Manchester makes out. He has a great deal to say about the public relations effort put up by the firm in the postwar period. But when he states that Krupp dominated the West German economy or that "Alfred's mastery of the Common Market was unchallenged", he goes far beyond what even the most zealous Krupp P.R. man would ever have claimed.

The exaggeration of Krupp power in recent years would have been more readily understandable if over-extension and management failures had not brought Krupp into grave financial

difficulties which resulted in family one-man control of the company to a sudden end. The seemingly finds it difficult to assign responsibility for what went wrong. In particular he seems to make up his mind on a role. He says that the "strong proprietor was baffled by the theories of banking", yet later, day, Alfred apparently retained of the most able minds in national finance".

The fundamental failing of *Arms of Krupp* is that the apparently never mastered the amount of evidence which his research threw up. One help but be reminded of the chronicler who described himself as "I made a great heap of things I found". Generalization based on impressions is simply do not bear the put upon them. "Indeed," is the average Essen citizen, "due largely to the use of." This is no doubt true, what are we to make of the immediately following anecdote?

The author asked a *Tagesspiegel* whether he knew that Burghard, known as Adolf-Hilfer-Park, a nearby street had been named after him. He burst into laughter, he chortled that I must be kidding when I began hunting for him. I caught him sitting in the rear-view mirror, and he no mirth in his eyes. He was a generation.

There is certainly room in the English language for a thorough scholarly study of the part played by men who dominated Ruhr industry, and more particularly played in German history. To take such a study requires on hand a detailed knowledge of local history, on the other hand with economics and balance. On the evidence of *The Arms of Krupp*, Mr. Manchester, in the time he has devoted to this accumulated, lacks both the qualifications.

What p or not that p

W. C. DANTO: *Analytical Philosophy of Knowledge*. 270pp. Blackwell University Press. 1968. 25s.

Philosophy of some significance is a book by a British philosopher who probably not include "analytical" in the title. Danto is Professor of Philosophy at Columbia University, the author of a previous book, *The Philosophy of History*, and was there in that title the philosophy of history can be a number of different things to the subject. But what philosophy of knowledge other than that has always been known as "theory of knowledge"? Danto pursues the main issues of the tradition: the nature of knowledge and belief, scepticism and truth, and for certainty, truth and the relation between language and the world. But in spite of a definitely philosophical approach in general, in the average Essen citizen, "due largely to the use of." This is no doubt true, what are we to make of the immediately following anecdote?

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chapters of the book, where Professor Danto discusses meaning and truth. He is a defender of the correspondence theory of truth, but he supposes the correspondence to be one between sentences and the world. Sentences are, in his language, bits of the world, but because they have meaning, because they are "semantical vehicles", their relationship to what they are applied to is not a natural relation. Unfortunately Professor Danto's discussion is vitiated here by a failure to distinguish systematically between sentences and statements, and this spoils his otherwise laudable defence of the correspondence theory of truth.

The earlier parts of the book are, by contrast, eminently clear, once one can get past the tendency towards a prolific use of symbols. One point of interest is his defence of the thesis that if one knows that *p* it is not necessary that one should know this in turn. This is because that

A. R. LURIA: *The Mind of a Mnemonist*. 160pp. Translated by Lynn Solotaroff. Cape. 25s.

In *The Mind of a Mnemonist*, Professor Luria, the eminent Russian psychologist, gives an account of a man with a remarkable memory whom he knew and studied for over thirty years. This man, who was in fact a mnemonist (a person who earns his living by performing feats of memory as a music-hall turn) for only a small part of his life, first excited Professor Luria's interest because his memory appeared to have no limits whatsoever. Psychological tests showed that he could retain lists of words and numbers, nonsense syllables and even passages of poetry in perfect order, and he did not understand, and repeat them faithfully years or even decades later. However, Professor Luria soon tired of merely recording the capacity of such a prodigious memory and turned his attention to an investigation of his subject's inner experience of the process of remembering and of the effects of this peculiar gift on other aspects of his personality.

S., the mnemonist, did not, it turned out, either remember or think like most of us; his memory and his thought-processes differed qualitatively as well as quantitatively from the normal adult. He lacked all capacity for generalization and abstraction, all images remaining concrete, specific and vividly visualized, and experi-

enced synaesthesia in association with all sensations. If he heard a bell ringing, a small round object appeared to roll before his eyes, his fingers sensed something rough like rope, and he tasted salt water. As a result S.'s inner world was a clutter of vivid, specific, ineradicable and unsensitized images, some of which could be dated back to the first year of his life. S.'s peculiar mode of thinking not only gave him a wonderful memory; it also enabled him to solve mechanical problems by manipulating his internal images without recourse to mathematical concepts. His living as a mnemonist appeared to have no limits whatsoever. Psychological tests showed that he could retain lists of words and numbers, nonsense syllables and even passages of poetry in perfect order, and he did not understand, and repeat them faithfully years or even decades later. However, Professor Luria soon tired of merely recording the capacity of such a prodigious memory and turned his attention to an investigation of his subject's inner experience of the process of remembering and of the effects of this peculiar gift on other aspects of his personality.

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ment knows that only if *m* knows that there is a non-accidental connexion between *e* and *s*, and *m* applies this knowledge. This may sound circular as a definition of knowledge, since it involves that notion itself twice. But Professor Danto thinks that the knowledge of *e* must be counted as a special form of knowledge—direct knowledge, while the knowledge of the connexion between *e* and *s* can be interpreted in terms of the understanding of rules of meaning. Both these theses are arguable, but it is to the credit of Professor Danto's book that they are presented clearly and argued for well. There is no doubt whatever that this book is a considerable contribution to philosophical discussion concerning the nature of knowledge. In spite of the admitted tendencies towards portentousness and the occasional failure of argument, it remains in large part a model of clarity and an exemplary piece of philosophy.

Professor Danto is well aware, on the other hand, of all the dangers inherent in the attempt to analyse knowledge in terms of belief together with certain additional factors. He thinks that "if *m* knows that *e*, then

Mnemonists never forget

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The rough and the smooth

The Memoirs of Desmond Fitzgerald, 1913-1916. 201pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 35s.

EOIN NEESON: *The Life and Death of Michael Collins*. 163pp. Cork: The Mercier Press. £2.

It took all sorts to make the Irish Revolution. No men could be further apart in appearance, upbringing and personality than the two subjects of these brief but illuminating little books: *The Life and Death of Michael Collins* and *The Memoirs of Desmond Fitzgerald, 1913-1916*. The one has (deservedly) had his full share of the limelight. The other is completely unknown outside Ireland. Each played a considerable part in the revolution and the contrast in their backgrounds is significant of how widely the net was spread to scoop in rebels against British domination. Collins looked like—and was—a countryman. The "Big Fella" at a first meeting, irresistibly recalled to memory the Spenserism about "lons of soil". He was of that type of sturdy, massive humanity that when seen patrolling the streets of New York in policeman's uniform, at once brings before the mind's eye of any Irishman in exile the peasants of the deep west of Cork and Kerry.

His father, born in the year of Waterloo, was forty years older than his mother and had reached the creditable age for paternity of seventy-five when he became a father for the eighth and last time of another son, Michael. This is an extreme example of the post-famine tradition in Ireland, that has not yet died out of marrying late in life.

How far-fetched it would have seemed had anyone prophesied in the early years of this century that Collins would have as companion in arms Desmond Fitzgerald. The latter, ac-

handsome, cultivated young man was born and brought up in London and belonged to a group of Edwardian poets, the Imagists. It included T. E. Hulme, F. S. Flint, Hilda Doolittle, Edward Storer, Richard Aldington and Harold Monro of the Poetry Bookshop. His idols were Baudelaire, Verlaine, Rimbaud, Mallarmé and Verhaeren. Beyond visits to Kerry in his youth—his mother came from that county—he did not get to know Ireland until he moved in 1913 with his northern Irish wife, an ex-secretary of Bernard Shaw, from France, where they had been living, to the most westerly peninsula of Kerry.

Yet within three years he was in the thick of the 1916 Easter Rising, went on the run, got captured, court-martialed, sentenced to life imprisonment, later commuted to twenty years, and sent to Dartmoor and moved thence to Maidstone gaol, handcuffed to the future President of the Irish Republic, Eamonn de Valera. Elected as a Sinn Féin member in 1918, while he was still a convict in prison, he soon benefited from the generosity (or prudent statecraft) of Britain and was released. It was he who carried the final text back to Dublin of the treaty that brought in the Irish Free State and led to the civil war. He became Minister for External Affairs and signed the letter of application of the League of Nations. After Kevin O'Higgins had been assassinated on his way to Miss Desmond Fitzgerald, he was made Minister for Defence. Unlike Collins, who was shot at 31, he survived to be a Senator and a most popular and respected elder statesman, dying in 1947.

The Memoirs of Desmond Fitzgerald, admirably edited with an

cribes his early days in Kerry, and how he came to be drawn into the Volunteer movement and the fight to revive the speaking of Irish; it ends in 1916, leaving regrets that the author did not recall his London literary years or his impressions in office and opposition. But fragmentary though these memoirs are, they make a needed addition to Irish history, and give a life-like sketch of a man who, even in the height of the Troubles, never lost his natural gaiety and charm. There are French visitors, men and women, as well as British and American, who will be reminded by this slice of autobiography of how pleasantly Fitz-

gerald and his wife entertained in their country home outside Dublin. Mr. Eoin Neeson has done a rougher material to handle in *The Life and Death of Michael Collins*. This is a follow-up to competent *The Civil War in Ireland, 1922-1923* and is well done. It traces the by which Collins rose to command leadership and goes in detail into the circumstances of death in ambush at Béal na Búir. By the time that grim drama enacted, Irish affairs had become confusing as a chapter in the life of the Mafia, and Mr. Neeson catches the Sicilian flavour of

the book. The author's style is clear and readable, and the book is a valuable addition to the literature of the Irish Revolution.

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ALLEN & UNWIN



The Philistinism of the middle class of Arnold's time arose, from their belief that wealth and material progress were sufficient to promote progress, the greatness and well-being of the nation. It was their ignoring of culture that complained about. A similar Philistinism exists, of course, today, but one is tempted to say that our children of cultural evil is not lack of interest, but lack of standards. Though our history has impoverished the private patron, it has brought far wider acceptance by government, local government and parents that culture should be supported. The motivation for such support may be prestige, the earning of foreign currencies, competitive education, the need of the economy for more sophisticated employees—anything, in fact, but for the process for the end product—but the actual disbursement of public funds raises acutely the question of standards in the art encouraged by them. (I refrain from saying anything about this occasion because of the possibilities of the recipients of such dates and the effect that they doles upon them.) We need the independent critic can supply such standards and from where do such critics come except the universities? Where, indeed, except in universities is the possibility of intellectual earning his living by being an intellectual at full strength? There is today a Philistinism

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**Swinburne and
D. H. Lawrence**

chapter in *Dickens and Crime* by Philip Collins (Macmillan, 1965) concludes "Fear death by water" might be an epigraph of *Our Mutual Friend*. The author's footnote reads: "A number of parallels, trivialities and otherwise between *Our Mutual Friend* and *Elizabeth and the Waste Land* are noted in Elizabeth Trilling's *A Gathering of English* 1957, 42-3. See also Cuckshutt, 175-6. So I am at least twelve years out of date."

D. A. N. JONES
19 Endymion Road, London, S.W.

Sir, Another possible Victorian influence on Eliot is heard, Jelleries in *The Story of My Heart*, Jelleries of his thoughts as he stood a few years from the City bank where later Eliot is said to have worked; "Burning Burning . . . the sun burned in the . . ." (page 71, ed. Looker, Constable).

The language of the passage and the theme are similar; but Jeffries concludes that no cultural system can have a meaning to the surge of life before him. On the following page he refers to classical and Sanskrit literature.

JAMES MONTAGUE
The Polytechnic, 109 Regent Street,
London, W.1.

Sr. Your correspondents, Thos. J. and Brian Kelly, followed by D. J. Hewitt and D. A. N. Jones, point out links between Dickens's *Our Mutual Friend* and Thos.'s *The Waste Land*. Perhaps the chain continues to 1922 in the prolonged theo-metaphysical quibble about time past, present, and future in the *From Quixotes*, especially "Burnt Norton". Thus, in the opening chapter, Dickens has one of his omniscient salvagers of corpses say to another, "We have worked together for time past, but we work together more in time present nor yet futuristic."

Department of English, University of British Columbia, Vancouver, Canada,

The Poetry Society

The Poetry Society

Sir, I wondered if the Diamond Jubilee Celebrations of the Post Office Society were to escape without the usual study, the society and the

the
years a bastion of the motheaten,
iambic and the lame." Thank you,
you could have said more, that in
the wardrobe in that bastion in which
the motheaten robes were kept
from the *Poetry Review*

descended, year in, year out, a vast and voluminous denigration on to a thing which could be called sterner, passionate, or "modern." The society was a foolish twin of the Royal Society of literature; or a cousin of the Royal Academy, from which it differed only by having no social *reclame*. You saw of this society having a new look, it needed one. But in the Festival of 1892 it was celebrating its sixty years of old nifty look, and on that occasion invited Ezra Pound to help in the denigrations was an act of quite remarkable impudence.

certainly more in line with the
 this at any rate heretofore judicious
 and odious society, which has earned
 right to speak for anybody or any
 except itself. Priests should look a
 advances with more scepticism,
 as they should look more sceptical
 at other antics of today's public pe
 circus, whether English or American.
 G. O'FFREY O'GRADY
 Wiltshire.

"For Freedom

Sir,—Lord Bethell (January 30th) writes that the supposed letter of eighty-eight Moscow writers "sheds authenticity." He should surely take it more critically and realize how likely it is to have originated from some unnamed source which may or may not be believed in certain Czechoslovak circles.

His true source is not *not* easily discovered. The K.G.B. It could hardly have originated from there since the Soviet Union has been asked to boost Czechoslovak morale and also defend Soviet honour. The members of the K.G.B., on the other hand, have been that old chestnut of serving the state in all circumstances, to boost its share of international prestige and to do so more than they are, and/or to "track down the list of forged signatures and then ready for use at possible trials in the future."

Lord Bethell (February 18th) then writes that the K.G.B. "is now trying to revive slightly eighteenth-century methods."

We surely cannot stop technicians adopting ridiculous terms. Technologists might, however, exert a restraining influence and literate people, at least, should avoid being taken in. Readers of the *FLS* should halt their pens whenever they are tempted to write "interface," "parameter," "open-ended," and the like, consider the matter a moment, and then write what they really mean.

JAMES MORAN
13 Chesterford Gardens, London
N.W.3.

**"The Crisis of
Indian Planning"**

Sir,—I do not know why, after
friendly and valuable review of *The
Crisis of Indian Planning* (May 1949),

your reviewer becomes so abusive that I point out a misreading (February 1): what is serious is that he re-states the re-reading, with salt, pepper and mustard. I do not advocate "schemes requiring slave-labor" and have always viewed this as impracticable politically. My argument was that all outlay on improving cattle stock or raising milk prices meant more incentive to keep cows: a Hindu hardly ever slaughtered cows, even after they had gone dry; and therefore, valuable pasture land and other resources would be used up on valueless cattle, unless cattle impro-

On "social revolution": if my ancestors have never received primary schooling, all-weather-transport or medical care, and my children get all three twenty years, my community under-

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about these *facts*—in, say, an African context they are more than P.R. slogans—but about Indian performance, surveyed critically: far too critically for some Indian tastes. I am not in the public relations business, and rather resent the accusation.

MICHAEL TIPTON,
The Institute of Development Studies,
The University of Sussex, Mammern,
Brighton.

In his first letter (February 13) Mr.

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Who was Corb?

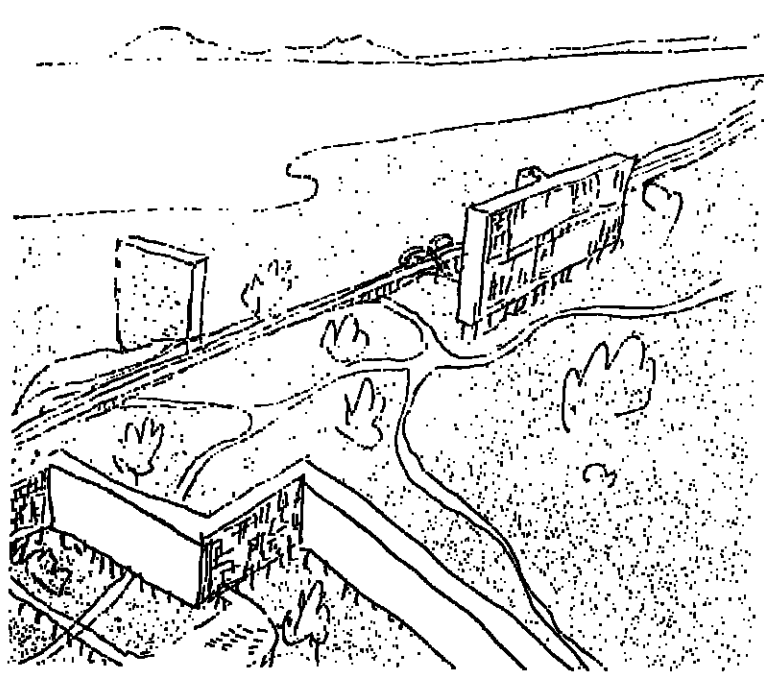
STANISLAUS VON MOOS: *Le Corbusier*. 431pp. 73 illustrations. Frauenthal; Huber.

Le Corbusier's life as a creative architect extended from 1917 until his death in 1965 at the age of seventy-eight; a life crowded with incident and personal development, over a period embracing the birth of modern architecture, as we know it, and its growth to self-awareness.

Dr. Pevsner has pointed out that Le Corbusier was not one of the "first generation" pioneers. Before the First World War the young Le Corbusier or Charles-Edmond Jeanneret as he then was, still built in Swiss regional styles, but his education proceeded apace and by the 1920s his architecture, as characterized by the white-painted boxes of his early villas, was becoming widely known. The German critics, with their long experience, understood that this was not the *Sachlichkeit* that they held to be an article of the modern faith, but a merely symbolic functionalism; indeed classicism in new dress.

In England, on the other hand, Le Corbusier's reputation was that of the firebrand functionalist who had announced that a house was a machine for living in. The translation of the architect's book *Vers une architecture* by Frederick Etchells (an ex-student of Le Corbusier's) in 1927 as *Towards a New Architecture* confirmed this impression—in spite of the author's express argument to the contrary—and also made the details of the modern style available to English architects.

In the 1930s F. R. S. Yorke, Maxwell Fry and others reworked Le Corbusier's domestic style for English conditions: from Paris to London was but a short step. A decade later, Le Corbusier's monumental



A drawing by Le Corbusier (c. 1922). From Edmund Bacon's *Design of Cities*, reviewed in the front-page article.

projects, among them the League of Nations and the Moscow Centenary, provided the inspiration for the T.U.C. building and the Royal Festival Hall. During the past twenty years the change from smooth to rough in Le Corbusier's choice of materials, and his affection for vaulted ceilings, has been echoed in the theory of Brutalism and the design of our universities.

In spite of Le Corbusier's voluminous self-documentation, only very few writers have so far attempted to evaluate him critically, and none of them has given us a critical biography. We must therefore be especially grateful to Stanislaus von Moos for attempting to fill these needs and his book, *Le Corbusier*, will be welcomed by all who want to understand Le Corbusier's role in its historical context.

The first two chapters deal with Le Corbusier as a young man and illuminate his exact relationship with the La Chaux-de-Fonds art school, and his splendid archi-

tectural education under the influence of Auguste Perret in Paris and a whole row of German architects, including Peter Behrens in Berlin. Le Corbusier's travels in Europe and the Middle East brought him into live contact with the history of architecture, and his studies in the libraries and museums of Paris provided a scholarly basis for further study. Here Herr von Moos provides the evidence for what has long been conjectured.

In the main part of the book, the author deals with Le Corbusier's architecture and town planning. The famous houses and the strangely evocative structural diagram of the "Domino" house that so closely resembles Gottfried Semper's Caribbean "primitive hut" are discussed against the background of Corbusian theory. A clear account of the familiar, but still distressing story of how he was kept from the execution of the League, the U.N., and the Unesco buildings explains some part of Le Corbusier's cold and hostile personal reputation. Fortunately he at last received the commission to build the new Indian capital at Chandigarh—today the buildings are being squabbled over by rival state governments—and he, who admired Lutyens's imperial New Delhi, made a design that was a culmination of a life's work.

Without doubt the author has compressed too much material into too little space: the buildings cry out for fuller treatment and at the same time the biographical supporting framework is permitted to fall away in the breathless race towards the "synthesis". Consequently the personal element of the early chapters rather dies out. We discover too little about the man and not enough about the buildings: this difficulty of phasing is the main problem about this architectural biography.

The provision of illustrations will interest the general reader but the student will need Le Corbusier's own *Oeuvre Complète*, to which there are text references, near to hand. Similarly the argument regarding Le Corbusier's painting and sculpture cannot be followed with only four plates, none of them in colour. The section on "Synthesis" is quite the least satisfactory in the book. It seems too lightly researched to be of value, and the author's account of Le Corbusier's theory of proportion fails to carry conviction. The categorical statement that the idea of the Golden Section proportion was taken from Matila Ghyka's *Le Nombre d'Or* is certainly mistaken.

Against this must be set the author's success in persuading the Fondation Le Corbusier to relax its hold upon the architect's *Nachlass*. Herr von Moos gives us a number of unknown sketches that confirm Le Corbusier's forms and effects from the gleam of sketch of the lighting system in Hadrian's villa at Tivoli is probably a source for the chapel at Ronchamp. It is to be hoped that this monograph on Le Corbusier will soon be available for the general reader and for students in an English translation. It will be of great value to them. The index is satisfactory but the references could usefully be expanded, especially in respect of the bibliography of the book. The lack of a bibliography hardly matters. But the man

Where it all began

NIKOLAUS PEVSNER: *The Sources of Modern Architecture and Design*. 216pp. Thames and Hudson, 35s. (Paperback, 21s.)

Dr. Pevsner, who has already made an almost unassailable corner in the antecedents of the Modern Movement with his *Pioneers of Modern Design*, now clinches his claim to be the master of this subject with *The Sources of Modern Architecture and Design*, which originally formed part of his larger volume on *Sources of Modern Art*. No one but Dr. Pevsner could have packed so much information into so compact a work or illustrated it more effectively. As in his other analytical surveys of art and architecture there are no words wasted, no half-digested thoughts. Indeed the two most comforting things about all Dr. Pevsner's writings are very apparent in this new book: his clarity of expression and his firmness of opinion.

He takes his reader through the complex of springs, streams and cross-currents that were the origins of modern architecture and design without ever leaving him in doubt about his own convictions. "That is one memorable thing about them [Morris's designs]: the others are these . . ." and he lists four salient, incontestable points, or a few pages further on, when discussing Art Nouveau, he writes: "The incubators of Art Nouveau belong to the years 1883-8. They are the following . . ."



An interior design by Hoffmann (c. 1900).

—and again he tells his reader what to recall. Indeed Dr. Pevsner is at his clearest and most in his handling of that "style of individualism" which has again become topical. "What is communicated of it, is what it so quickly applies, hence only to Art Nouveau. The rare scene suffers, identical commercial imitations of innovations. Since he rightly today's architecture and design taken a turn away from realism towards fancy, Nikolaus should perhaps perform more public service by sequel to his *Sources*—perhaps the title 'Whatever happened to Modern Movement?' for could unravel for the lay even more complex strands fuse the present state of art and design.

Uncommunicative

CESARE BRANDI: *Struttura e architettura*. 246pp. Turin: Einaudi, L. 2500.

Professor Brandi's title may seem misleading to the Anglo-Saxon reader: his book is not about building construction and architecture, but—as the publisher's blurb proudly explains—is the first Italian attempt at applying what is now called structuralist method to the criticism of architecture. Those familiar with Italian eagerness for any intellectual novelty will—of course—take his claim with a pinch of salt; if they are at all interested in the subject, they will have looked at Professor König's book on architectural semantics, which for all its weaknesses, shows great good will, or Umberto Eco's ten-year-old essay which operates at a higher level; and *anti litteram* Professor Bettini's ten-year-old essay on the semiotics of architecture could also enter a claim.

For all that, Professor Brandi has his own contribution to make. The first in this collection of essays, which gives the book its title, starts with a summary of Roger Bastide's anthology *Sens et nature du terme structure*, and introduces his reader to Brandi's principal methodological innovation which is covered by the term "astanza". Readers will not find this word in any dictionary, but has to be reinforced to imply a kind of emphatic "being there" or "thereness". Professor Brandi is forced into this curious piece of speculation because he is unwilling to abandon his ultimate idealist—even Crocean—position: the work of art, he suggests, can only be understood as a totality of visual sensations; it seems almost as if it only existed as such an assembly, for all his invocation of Saussurian linguistics. Professor Brandi goes through the exercise of applying the linguistic model to the study of architecture, only to introduce the notion that:

If the essence of language is communication, the essence of architecture is not to be revealed in communication. The house does not communicate that it is a house, any more than the rose communicates that it is a rose. The house

itself *is* the house, but they are not of communication, they are only daily vehicles of communication. It is Catholic or Protestant, as it may inform whether it makes or is a distillery.

One line is quoted in the Italian because there is whether it can be translated, whether it has very much to do with the passage as a whole but the implications, to Professor Brandi, communication is a level activity, largely because, seems to know only of meanings; he seems quite unaware of connotation as an aspect of language. Which is why, when he goes to the game of finding an architectural parallel to the Saussurian *énoncé*, he can only see it in the of style, and so comes to *Silfon*, an elemental style which refers not to an object, perceptual distinctions, but to the subject's intellectual content.

The weaknesses of this position are apparent in the one on *Burnett* of the book, the one on *Burnett* which Professor Brandi, in his *Borromini's own rationale of being either "plain religion" or "economic-religious" to assume Borromini's reasoning was not cover for the higher duty of an object whose general concept would allow the spectator to a saturated form of "astanza" whole fascinating matter of the mind's explicit intentions, or his borrowings, from medieval Muslim architecture, his apparatus of almost literary style are all subsumed, is deliberately excluded from Professor Brandi's of reference.*

Struttura e architettura is a dated, sensitive, occasionally exercised in the old-fashioned way of "pure visibility" of the kind with Wittgenstein contained its news value, however, is so far as structuralism is concerned it seems wholly alien to it. In the text of architectural criticism, however, the issues, on which Professor Brandi touches are so basic that even the wrong-headedness of its up-to-date terminology have its positive value: it points up the deficiencies of the

Black Classical

JOHN GUNNE and DAVID WALKER: *Architecture of Glasgow*. 320pp. Illustrations. Lund Humphreys, £4.10s.

It would seem that our Victorian cities are coming into their own as the publication of a series of books which, with word and image, display the wealth of an era can never be repeated. The architecture of Glasgow is a particularly rich: visitors once thought it a dump and dreary city. It can be seen in perspective: a wealth of buildings, still largely intact.

Architecture of Glasgow treats chronologically and the cathedral dominates its pages. After a discussion of buildings we jump, with a number of surprises, into the idiosyncratic of the nineteenth century. An architect of some ingenuity, Stark, in 1819 designed what is the earliest star-shaped building in Britain, now unfortunately demolished; but the which dominates the mid-nineteenth century is undoubtedly Wilson's Free Church, consisting of a splendid interplay of vertical and horizontal lines struck by the predomi-

nance of curved frontages to buildings in the city and the play of curve in circles and crescents give an unexpected richness. One always felt the city was impressive but the texture and quality of David Wrightson's photographs is a revelation: he has an uncanny gift for pinpointing the essential ingredients in a scene.

Glasgow has surprisingly few interesting industrial buildings. Her warehouses are small in scale and look like elegant office blocks. The exception is Bolton and Watt's Houldsworth's Mill of 1804, one of the earliest essays in iron and brick fireproof construction now sadly demolished. Where this mill is constructionary, ingenious Randolph Elder's Engine Works is scale-shattering. Everything is immense—a single storey over fifty feet high made of chunks of rough masonry deeply rusticated as though designed for a race of giants.

Glasgow and Liverpool pioneered the glass and iron framed warehouse facade dating from the 1850s. Many have now been destroyed, but the city still has a number which merit preservation. Gardner's Warehouse in Jamaica Street certainly being the most elegant. The visual value of these buildings is still not generally recognized, and they fall easy victims to ruthless demolition.

Alexander Thompson is shown to have been mistakenly called "Greek" and a whole chapter is devoted to his work. He is seen as a forerunner of the Modern Movement in architecture, the earliest protagonist in this country. Drawings of his Queen's Park Church, burnt down in 1942, put his work into better perspective and lend credence to the authors' thesis. His output was prolific and many of his buildings survive. Glaswegians would do well to cherish these and support the author's plea for the restoration of the gutted interior of the Caledonian Road Church which was destroyed by fire in 1965. The Corporation has already voted money for repairs to the outside.

Glasgow, like Edinburgh, is a black classical city into which the Gothic Revival made only minor intrusions. The most notable, though not highly successful, is the university, improved by Oldrid Scott's spiky tower and his mazelike treatment of the undercroft of the Bute Hall. There are of course Gothic churches which punctuate the landscape and relieve what would otherwise be a monotony of long tenement blocks.

The description of the buildings in *Architecture of Glasgow* is penetrating and at times both amusing and lyrical. The fantastic Padian Gothic pile of Templeton's Carpet Factory, built in 1889, is described as "a delightfully gay—almost irresponsible—piece which brings a puckish but innocent glee to the art of decoration".

Although Alexander Thompson is singled out for special reference, C. R. Mackintosh is lumped in with others in a chapter headed "1880-1914". Perhaps within the context of this book the treatment is admissible, for Mackintosh and J. J. Burnett are (with the exception of the Adams brothers, whose influence on Glasgow is marginal) the only two Glasgow architects to have had monographs written about them. (This perhaps explains the almost threadbare treatment of Mackintosh's work in the text.) In compensation Burnett is given a good coverage—the authors seem to have a great regard for him. His work, though not as fine, has perhaps been too long eclipsed by the international reputation of Mackintosh. The townscape chapter seems almost an afterthought, written as captions to David Wrightson's splendid photographs, whose penultimate one of the Neocropolis leaves a lasting impression of the grey solidity of the city.

Architecture of Glasgow places Glasgow within the heritage of Victorian architecture and surely should be enjoyed for its descriptive text (there is an excellent little essay on architectural semantics inserted as a long vertical footnote) and its lively illustrations by many who may never have an opportunity of visiting the city. It is equally (if not more) important to her inhabitants and will lend support to those who are already

Railway Gothic

JACK SIMMONS: *St. Pancras Station*. 120pp. 51 plates. Allen and Unwin, £2.12s. 6d.

The Midland Railway created 1844 came to London late and by the hard way in the 1860s. It had first to burrow under Hampstead, cross the Fleet river and Regent's Canal, displace and rehouse thousands of slum dwellers from Agers town and as many corpses from old St. Pancras cemetery. Having elbowed its way to the Euston Road between the L.N.W.R.



Two carrels from the booking office in St. Pancras station, representing (a) the engine driver and—

(at Euston) and the G.N.R. (at King's Cross) whose metals it had been using, the Company was determined to make a splash. Professor Simmons (History, Leicester University) recalls that the 1860s had their financial crises as well as the 1960s. The expenditure of five million pounds on St. Pancras Station was an expression of faith in the future of railways, the company, and Britain itself. First the Chief Engineer, W. H. Barlow, was empowered to span the tracks with the biggest cast-iron roof in the world. In the vaults beneath, beer was to be stored; the module being a barrel of Burton's ale. In 1865, Sir Gilbert Scott, architect of the Foreign Office, was chosen in competition to put up a "monster" Gothic hotel in good Midland red brick. Train shed and hotel together represent the perfect



(b) the railway guard.

fusion of functional and romantic ideals in Victorian architecture. Professor Simmons rightly holds that a building—especially a station or a hotel—is much more than its elevation and the sum of materials used for its construction. In what he modestly describes as an extended lecture, he writes of the staff, engines and carriages, commuters and travellers, air raids in both wars; of the first hotel manager, Mr. Etzenberger (formerly of the Victoria, Venice) who persuaded a reluctant building committee to adopt Scott's more expensive proposals; of Sir Arthur Blomfield and his assistant, Thomas Hardy, supervising the shifting of poorly made coffins, a macabre experience which must have influenced the poet. "St. George for England and St. Pancras for Scotland" remained a music-hall joke, but St. Pancras served the Midlands well, introducing Pullman carriages and permitting third-class passengers to travel on all trains. Photographs show Barlow's ingenuity and the quality of detail in the hotel. Even today it is hard to imagine

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In between

ANDREW SALKEY: *The Adventures of Catullus Kelly*. 196pp. Hutchinson. 27s. 6d.

Several of the characters in Andrew Salkey's last novel, *The Late Emancipation of Jerry Stover*, were submerged and suffocated, literally and symbolically, by a Jamaican landslide. The hopelessness of the pre-Independence Jamaica of that book is now replaced by an equally distressing continuation of the West Indian experience. Catullus Kelly, the visiting hero, is a Jamaican English graduate, who drinks, philosophizes, annotates and womanizes his way through swinging London; retreats in confusion and ends in naked disarray back in a Jamaican mental home. The message is depressing and the presentation is sometimes as confused and disoriented as the situation it depicts.

But this new novel is, as always with Andrew Salkey, redeemed sometimes, it must be said, in spite of itself by the importance of the themes he treats and sometimes by the sheer exhilaration and inventiveness of his dialogue and the exuberance of his characterization. Catullus tries his hand at the various expatriate occupations open to an educated and unemployed member of society. There are flashes of captivatingly anarchic humour as he hovers on the fringe of freedom's broadening ("A Leeward Islander's Search for the Dark Lady of the Sonnets" is the title of someone's talk or supply-teaching in Fulham this pupils are children called Pamela Snow, John Bowen and William Plomer). It is this strain of vigorously inconsequential humour which enlivens and leavens the con-

fusion of some of the book.

Catullus is trying to track down the racist Gordon-Venning, author of the White Defence League publication *The Shape of Skulls to Come*. He is also trying to establish for himself some kind of interpretation of *négritude*. He finds no support in this from black people of other races whose advice he seeks. He works for a time as an attendant in a coffee-bar, hired to provide atmosphere. His teaching attempts bite the dust after an ill-advised expedition with the Fourth Form to see *Naked as Nature Intended* at the Caman Moulin; and even his Gogga seizes up one Saturday night. Only in the sexual field is he consistently and riotously successful: he lures his way through a succession of permissive young ladies. Even here, though, he is merely fulfilling the role mapped out for him by the Gordon-Vennings of this world: the sexual permissiveness which might be liberating for some people actually shackles him to the old racist sexual myth.

Catullus is caught between the unassimilated, backward-looking immigrant sub-culture, clustering round village-situations like the Praed Street barber's shop, and the cold, Anglo-Saxon world outside which uses him for its own purposes. Jamaican dialect, with its deflating humour, defuses the hopelessness of one situation. But how is the gap to be bridged? There are many Catulluses in Britain today, who cannot go back and cannot go forward: the merit of the book is that it brings their predicament to our notice in an unselfpitying way.

Sour revenge

ERNEST GEBLER: *Shall I Eat You Now?* 192pp. Macmillan. 25s.

An ugly, middle-aged man called Mr. Hoffman dreams of owning a gentle and pretty typist called Miss Smith. He blackmails her into spending a week with him in his flat by threatening to reveal the pillerings of her fiancé. Mr. Gebler wrote a television play on this theme, and he has now teased the situation into a novel. Hoffman's plans to translate the Miss Smith of his obscene imaginings into a reality are thwarted, of course. Other realities intervene. He's much less anxious to do his filthy deeds than he thought he would be, and besides, Miss Smith turns out to be just as tiresome and assertive as all women are. For it is this aspect of the story that has brought Mr. Gebler back to it. "It is not only homosexuals who don't like women—hardly anyone likes them," Hoffman tells a piqued Miss Smith. He had once been married to a simple girl who had developed and grown tired of him. Miss Smith's innocent alliance with this absent wife, through the slutish relics found beneath the dust in a well-locked room, brings home to Hoffman that pleasurable revenge on womankind is what he had had in mind all along, and even this hope withers when confronted with the whimpering actuality of Miss Smith. Tears, constipation and coquetish chastity take their toll of him, and after several days it is Hoffman who places a bolster between them. Miss Smith responds predictably. Where she had been horrified by his wild affection, she is angered now and drawn by his coolness. Women, Hoffman satisfactorily proves to himself, only want

applause. Offer them love and they will call you a dirty old man, forged to tell them how pretty they are and you will have a clinging wife within the week.

Mr. Gebler has tried to make an endearing character of the sphenetic Hoffman and he almost manages to do so. By testing him against a woman of such astounding silliness, the author has made Hoffman's cruelty to her seem very nearly obligatory. Inside the plain, kind man masquerading as a bully is a

bully cunningly tricked out of feeling.

The frenzied claustrophobia, couple's week is powerful, across, and a short lyrical describing a walk on a common comes as a blessed lull. By the end of the week, a man has acquired a bride convinced himself and that women are awful, the proof and its demonstration, as cupricious as the idiosyncrasy and punctuation.

Sit. vac.

PAUL ABLEMAN: *The Twilight of The Vulp*. 157pp. Gollancz. 21s.

Paul Ableman's new novel arrives with one of those blurb testimonials from a well-known novelist which have become almost customary now in the case of experimental writing. "Vital, taut, brilliantly imaginative," Mr. Anthony Burgess suggests. If only it were. Sad to say, *The Twilight of The Vulp* represents no more than another disheartening stage on Mr. Ableman's journey away from a serious, intelligent exploration of the frontiers of consciousness into mere jokey surrealism. His first novel, *I Hear Voices*, published in 1958, was a flawed but touching and disquieting study of schizophrenia: the first person narrator constructed sick imaginings which blended one into another in a continuous flow at once subtle, humorous and clinically authentic. In the new novel we are back again with the narrator figure who spins fan-

tasy; but this time it is a diluted mixture of Stendhal and perfunctory science-fiction. Clive Witt, a novelist, has been hired for a hero for his novel. Seventy-three replies come. Some time before he chose candidates, visits them to select eligibility and makes a list of attempts to link them in a funny or inventive science-fiction plot. Mr. Ableman's hero comes coy and schoolboyish. He would not obey the decree, but that is not necessary, for the similarities between the problems of today and those of almost a century ago are sadly obvious. But the interest of these letters goes well beyond the parallels and similarities that can be drawn and the lessons that can be learnt. Reading them, it is easy to see how the minds of these banned professors grew more and more wary of the arbitrary decisions of a reactionary government which would not listen to their appeals to legality and against breaches of form; one can also see how, by the same token, they slowly turned toward the idea of a "free" university, the university unattached to the state, as the only solution.

Once Don Francisco Giner, strongly advised by Don Gurmiesendo de Azcarate, had discarded the English offer to open a university at Gibraltar, he began to think of starting a private school of higher learning. Judging by the alarmed tone of one of Azcarate's letters, Don Francisco was at one point slightly tempted by the Gibraltar idea, but he eventually chose to carry on in worse conditions, under the Spanish state, rightly thinking that the acceptance of the Gibraltar proposal would have been misunderstood even by his liberal fellow-citizens. However, if Don Francisco Giner was no supporter of British rule on the Rock, he was the beginning of a problem of the so-called *creston* university—which has been haunting and plaguing Spanish academic life ever since. Basically, it consists of the tension which exists between an autonomous state and a University for autonomy. Its roots must be looked for in Spanish history. But also in events beyond the borders of the Iberian Peninsula. There are today important similarities in all the crises affecting universities of several countries. It was once inspired by the same conception of the univer-

Academic freedom in Spain

DE AZCARATE (Editor): *La Universidad, 1875*. Madrid: Tecnos. 154pp. 154pp. Madrid: Tecnos. 154pp. Madrid: Tecnos. 154pp.

LAZORRE: *Universidad y*. 270pp. Barcelona: 270pp.

LAZORRE: *Universidad y*. 270pp. Barcelona: 270pp.

A pronunciamiento re-established monarchy in Spain. A movement was formed and, at the beginning of the following year, a movement, Manuel de Orozco (still called for his obscurantist attitude to produced a Royal Decree giving academic freedom in Spanish universities. One week later, a country not lacking in obsequy to science professors at the University of Santiago de Compostela would not obey the decree, and immediately dismissed. In Madrid, three other professors, Francisco Giner de los Rios, Pedro de Azcarate and Nicolás de Giner de los Rios, against the decree. They too were dismissed. However, the unruly Decree Murphy is an Irish peasant, "Henry Gile" is an earth-borer which is bad as a rocket, and there is a railway porter called "Bull". The satire at the expense of fiction conventions by Clive Witt's novel gets its own heroes into space and energy. The little green men-is falling. It is sad to see promising experimental literature being sent even farther afield. Ableman's early work had been into this watery brew of Fernando Po—if they per-

sity as a diploma-bestowing institution at the service of the state. In Spain this has been aggravated by the fact that reactionary governments have always expressly entrusted the university with the mission of training the youth in their ideology. This has led to a prolonged war between academics and the state which has consistently damaged the quality of Spanish intellectual life. Yet some of the episodes of this war can be considered as outstanding feats in the history of cultural freedom in Europe.

The beginning of one such episode is now recorded by Sr. Pablo de Azcarate, the editor of *La Universidad*, 1875. This book gathers together the correspondence between the three banned professors, as well as a number of letters written to them by friends and colleagues from all over Spain. In his introduction the editor does not refer to the present editorial situation in the universities, but that is not necessary, for the similarities between the problems of today and those of almost a century ago are sadly obvious. But the interest of these letters goes well beyond the parallels and similarities that can be drawn and the lessons that can be learnt. Reading them, it is easy to see how the minds of these banned professors grew more and more wary of the arbitrary decisions of a reactionary government which would not listen to their appeals to legality and against breaches of form; one can also see how, by the same token, they slowly turned toward the idea of a "free" university, the university unattached to the state, as the only solution.

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he was a fervent admirer of the English universities, and it was going to be through his future *Institución Libre de Enseñanza* that English ideas and educational methods would seep into Spain. The events that led to the founding of the *Institución* are recorded in these letters. The opening of this small, austere and outwardly humble school was a turning-point in the contemporary history of Spanish culture.

The men bred at the *Institución* were morally—and sometimes physically—outside the official University although they longed to be in it. They were marking time, waiting for the political situation to change, while working hard in their respective fields, heaping scorn on the "established" University with the quality of their research and publications, with their excellent teaching methods and their growing international reputation. By the time Don Francisco died, in 1915, this university outside the University was so influential that chair after chair was beginning to be occupied by men educated at or connected with the *Institución*. This process was deeply resented by traditionalists and reactionaries who with their typical paranoia began talking of masonic conspiracies, and sinister academic plots staged by evil free-thinkers. That this was no laughing matter was shown in 1939, when a huge hunt or purge—officially known by the euphemism of *depuración*—was launched by the new authoritarian regime. Yet, thanks to the influence of the *Institución* the last years of the monarchy and those of the short-lived Second Republic had witnessed a substantial move toward the solution of the *creston* university: the rift between the state and the scientists and intellectuals had begun to close. In fact, it even disappeared under the Republic, whose friendly critics consider it to have been the exclusive child of the liberal intelligentsia.

In 1939 the new regime stopped all this. It imposed a system which would have made Orozco, the old nineteenth-century reactionary minister, extremely envious. Hundreds of academics and teachers had, at best, to abandon their posts or leave the country. For a decade and a half, university and intellectual life

were almost dead in Spain. The first signs of discontent with the situation came from the students, in 1954. And the first expression of criticism from the teaching body came, of course, from the ranks of the more "liberal" professors among the supporters of the regime, for only these felt safe enough to voice some degree of dissent. One of them was Sr. Pedro Laín Entralgo, then Rector of the University of Madrid. His *El problema de la universidad* is a small collection of recent newspaper articles whose publication has been made possible by a certain degree of liberalization in the press. The book often reads more as a self-apology for his conduct during those years than as a programme and a criticism of the situation as it is today. Like other men of his generation (such as Sr. Antonio Tovar, ex-Rector of the University of Salamanca), Professor Laín is a repentant Falangist, who turned liberal. When he realized that he was mistaken he did a good deal to improve things around him. In 1955, for instance, he wrote a pamphlet for private circulation warning about things to come in the universities and asking for more academic freedom and for a more humane understanding of the students' problems. In the following year Professor Laín, together with the Rectors of Barcelona and Salamanca and Sr. Rufz Giménez, the Minister of Education, resigned from their posts. Ever since, the regime has refrained from appointing any liberals, even those that support it, to any important positions in the field of education and research. All this is recorded in Sr. Pedro Laín's book, as well as his defence of the five professors expelled in 1965, in an article in which he accused the government of again practising *depuración* as a means to keep the university tame and obedient.

Professor Laín's contribution to the clarification of the *creston* university does not stand alone in today's Spain. Professor Tovar in his *Universidad y educación de masas* and Professors Tierno and Aranguren in several essays and articles have also intervened in the general debate. But the most systematic attempt to deal with the question has come from yet another professor, Don Angel Latorre, who teaches Roman Law at the University of Barcelona. His *Universidad y sociedad*, which first appeared in 1964, has not received all the attention it de-

serves in Spain. Perhaps this is due to the fact that Professor Latorre's approach is cool and apparently unpolitical. Yet, in contrast with his colleagues, he has painstakingly tried to relate the Spanish universities to other Western academic institutions and to examine their relationship to society.

Professor Latorre considers various exponents of educational philosophy with sympathy but thinks that recent efforts to grapple with university problems from the angle of general surveys such as the Robbins report are more fruitful. For these surveys and studies of actual conditions deal with universities as central institutions of the societies concerned and their proposals for reform are presented as national tasks to be jointly carried out by all responsible elements in the national community. If university education as a national task poses vast problems to countries such as France, England or the United States, in Spain the situation is much more serious. But Professor Latorre refuses to be overwhelmed by the terrible evils which seem to strangle academic life in Spain, such as lack of academic freedom, increasing penetration by the *Opus Dei* organization, an archaic and blatantly unjust system of access to university chairs, a cumbersome administration, government interference, lack of students' rights, and lack of scholarships for needy students. Unhappily he analyses most of these problems, avoiding only the kind of phrases that would have inclined Sr. Fraga Iribarne, the present Minister of Information, to seize the book and fine its publishers.

Professor Latorre, though not against them in principle, demonstrates the anomalies and dangers of the "free" private universities when established under a regime such as Spain's. Universities in Spain cannot be free: only the Jesuits and, more notoriously, the *Opus Dei*, have been able to thrive in this field. Events seem to have later proved Don Angel Latorre right: efforts to create a non-confessional school of social sciences outside the official university ran into trouble last winter, when the recently opened institution was closed down by the government. The men who founded the *Institución* at the close of the last century complained of government oppression which forced them to set up shop outside the gates of the *alma mater*. The situation has apparently worsened.

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Weird and wonderful

CHARLES ROBERT MATURIN: *Melmoth the Wanderer*. Edited by Douglas Grant. 560pp. Oxford University Press. £2.2s.

Perhaps the most useful single contribution of the "Oxford English Novels" series has been to bring into print in reliable texts a number of the best-known titles among the gothic novels. Not that some of the earlier additions have been so inaccessible: *The Castle of Otranto* and *The Mysteries of Udolpho* have been constantly reprinted. But Maturin's masterpiece is another matter: although there has been a scholarly American paperback version, the book is notoriously difficult to come by, despite the universal enthusiasm for it of writers on the gothic novel.

Now at last modern English readers can conveniently judge for themselves. *Melmoth* is a long book. Full of flashbacks and flashbacks within flashbacks, the overall structure being a framework which contains six tales, all of them on roughly the same pattern, showing the Faustian wanderer trying unsuccessfully to persuade another to take over the deal he has made with the devil in return for immortality and almost limitless power.

As the late Douglas Grant remarks

in his introduction, Maturin was at his weakest in narrative, and this is true even of *Melmoth*, his best book. Compared, for instance, with *The Monk*, a masterpiece of headlong impetuous story-telling, *Melmoth* is quite often heavy going, tempting the

Resurrection

ALEX HAMILTON: *The Dead Needle*. 285pp. Hutchinson. 30s.

Back, it seems, from the dead. Nicholas Sturm has come to wreak some well-planned havoc among a community of undergraduates with whom he lived before his mysterious disappearance. His sudden resurrection in Regent's Park, among the early morning athletics, lends at once to a search for a non-existent corpse the was found, apparently dead, by the park-keeper which continues, throughout the novel. Pausing only to set officialdom by the ears, he leaves the park to make for his objective: the lodging-house where, after a year's absence, his influence is felt as strongly as ever. Why this should be so is never quite clear, though the occupant of

the house seem to have suffered a sort of collective trauma in malicious Nicholas was prime. He takes up his affair with the lady's elder daughter and his control over the house. Studies are neglected, even imperilled, and in the morning police continue their fruitless litigation.

Is Nicholas a spy, as some victims seem to think? It is doubtful. Did he really spend his time observing them all from a moored nearby? Perhaps. And does he return to the park, as used, dying from snake-bite, as an antidote which he may or may not use? If Alex Hamilton is right, he's not letting on. Perhaps it's just as well.

(Editor): *Life in the Family*. Press. 8s.

List of Publishers and Distributors: Spectrum Books (Penguin) Ltd., London; University Press, London; Malaya Press (Malaya) Ltd., Malacca; University Press, Malacca.

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Going progressive

R. COOMBS: *The World of the Future*. 241pp. Oxford University Press. £2.11s. (Paperback 21s. 6d.)

Unfettered benevolence and desire for good things through *The World of the Future*. It is perhaps a desire to criticize such manifest universal benevolence, but the doubtless, did he really spend his time observing them all from a moored nearby? Perhaps. And does he return to the park, as used, dying from snake-bite, as an antidote which he may or may not use? If Alex Hamilton is right, he's not letting on. Perhaps it's just as well.

There is no mention at any point in the book of the cultural catastrophe which is the dominant feature of American education. Indeed in studying the book carefully one would assume that America has virtually no problems. For example, discussing the conflict between the narrow educational opportunities of Europe and the pressure for wider educational opportunities, Mr. Coombs has this to say:

The shape of these arguments can be seen by focusing on a matter already alluded to, namely, what has happened to a wider range of young people than had previously had access to it, who represented a wider range of family background, native ability, motivations, and career aspirations. The event occurred comparatively early in North America and in the Soviet Union, and in both places the un-equivalence was necessary diversification, in the nature of secondary education, still in process of perfection. But for most of the world, including most of western Europe, secondary educational systems opened to a wide range of young people are in the main a phenomenon dating from a short two decades ago. The result is what we now see. It is a head-on

the consequent response of governments and of private organizations in providing many more schools and colleges, the fact that the education that is provided within these schools and colleges seems increasingly to fit the students not for jobs but for revolution, and the calibre and pedagogical competence of those recruited to teach in the schools and colleges appears to be, if anything, falling. By implication, the way to meet this situation is to go "progressive American".

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places, to the virtual exclusion of everything else.

The European problem—shortage of facilities, to provide for growing numbers—is easy to define. The American answer is—as clearly—easy to prove wrong. The magnitude of the disaster (to which the pages of the *New York Review of Books* are eloquent testimony every two weeks) is not capable of being recognized in this context, let alone of being analysed.

The word "analysed", however, is inapplicable. The title claims that this is a systems analysis. Systems analysis is a technique which was widely used by Mr. Macnamara in trying to reduce the cost of some of the politically-inspired defence programmes in the United States. Mr. Macnamara was not very successful in doing this since he presided over the most unsuccessful military expedition the United States has ever undertaken, the Vietnam war, and pushed through the most unsuccessful and most expensive fighting plane that the world has ever seen, the F-111. Systems analysis consists in setting out clearly certain objectives and alternative procedures for achieving them, and the setting out of the relationships between the objectives, the resources available for achieving the objectives, and the means of combining the resources, in diagrammatic form based largely upon models taken from electrical engineering and electronic engineering. The use of the word "systems" is a metaphorical use when applied to problems of human society. Nowhere in this book is a methodology of this kind used.

It is not clear from the title what Mr. Coombs has in mind. It appears from the reading of the text, which is discursive and full of digressions, that he has in mind a systems analysis. In

Girton girls

M. C. BRADBROOK: *"That Infidel Place"*. 168pp. Chatto and Windus. 25s.

When Miss Charlotte M. Yonge was asked to support the project which eventually became Girton College she replied on black-edged paper: "Superior women will always teach themselves and inferior women will never learn enough for more than home life." Professor Bradbrook was herself an undergraduate at Girton in the 1920s, and was present when Virginia Woolf delivered her paper "A Room of One's Own" to a Girton and Newnham College society. Now as Mistress of Girton she has written this history of her college to greet its centenary year.

"That Infidel Place" is a memoir rich in gems like Miss Yonge's response and in its portrayal of tough ladies: it is a good thing that they were tough. Girton's founder, Emily Davies, left her college £40,000 in debt through her insistence on pouring more and more money into bricks and mortar, but without her intransigence and single-mindedness the college would never have been begun. One hundred years later it is easy to see how absolutely right she was to concentrate on the issue of higher education for women on its own, as distinct from the suffrage issue, and to see that it was essential for women to compete with men on exactly the same terms and for the same examinations. Yet as late as 1920 there

bridge and it was 1948 before women were admitted to full membership of the University. The first students at Hitchin where the College for Women began—a safe twenty-six miles from Cambridge—may have felt transports of delight at the thought of the intellectual opening before them, but they had to be strong-minded to face a family like Anna Lloyd's, who, representative of society at large, regarded membership of the College for Women as a life "merely of self-indulgence and self-satisfaction, distracting her from the plain duties that lay before her".

As well as deftly charting the struggles of the early years and their subsequent consolidation Professor Bradbrook has an entertaining chapter on the social image of Girton. With the acceptance of women gained to the extent that Girton girls now share lunch and junior combination room privileges with Clare College, she has some acceptable points to make about the difficulties of modern graduate women in reconciling home and career and not allowing themselves to be submerged as women. "That Infidel Place" ends with a coda on the place of the collegiate university in the modern world. Drawing on a wide experience of campus life outside this country Professor Bradbrook concludes that colleges in the modern educational world "should aim at being centres of representation rather than centres of power". One feels that while she is

Books received

Art and Architecture

EDWARDS, A. TRYSTAN. *Towards Tomorrow's Architecture*. 162pp. Phoenix House, £2 5s.

Mr. Edwards seems to dislike modern architecture and believes that a "triple approach" to the subject (via philosophy, mathematics and politics) will put things back on to a firm footing. Architecture is ranked fourth in Mr. Edwards's list of the Visual Arts, behind that of Beauty and Dignity of the Human Form, Manners, and Dress. His aesthetic philosophy is astonishingly naive and his observations are weak and out of focus with the present trends in architecture.

HENDERSON, GEORGE. *Chartres*. 169pp. Penguin, 12s.

Mr. Henderson briefly and lucidly explains the economic and social, as well as the architectural significance of Chartres cathedral. Twelfth century Chartres was a place of pilgrimage, an ancient centre of learning, and an increasingly prosperous market town. Its fairs were held on Lady days for Chartres cathedral church, the Palladium—the robe worn by its patroness, the Virgin, at the birth of Christ. Many certified miracles proved the Virgin's concern for Chartres: the famous "Cult of the Carps" (1145) when rich and poor dragged stones in carts to rebuild the cathedral; the preservation of the Romanesque building was burnt down (1194), which persuaded the new architect that the Virgin wished it left untouched. The glory of the new cathedral symbolized civic pride as well as the power of the church: it was a link between merchants and clergy with the Crown's blessing. Mr. Henderson shows why the medieval mind saw no anomaly in this. Of the eighty-three photographs (some specially taken by Eric de Maré) those of architectural and sculptural detail are excellent: black-and-white photographs of the great stained-glass windows leave much to the imagination.

MULLINSON, JAMES. *Renaissance Art*. 33pp. Oxford University Press, 8s.

The series of booklets describing the contents of the National Gallery of Victoria, Melbourne, is continued with this nicely-balanced survey of Renaissance art. Its interest is by no means limited to the secondary schools for which it is primarily planned.

Fourteen of the sixteen half-tone reproductions are of items acquired through the Felton Bequest. They constitute a striking tribute to its trustees' purchasing acumen.

WEST, T. W. *A History of Architecture in Italy*. 230pp. University of London Press, 35s.

A short book with this title can hardly be expected to make any new contributions to architectural knowledge. This one covers familiar ground competently but in wholly conventional fashion. It works its way through the centuries from prehistoric times to today; it gives rather meagre attention to the later eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, but compensates by dealing with the present more knowledgeably and responsibly than do many works chiefly concerned with the past.

It is illustrated by a small number of well-printed but somewhat hackneyed photographs, and a large number of informative line-drawings, some of which, however (for example those of the Palazzo Strozzi at Florence and the Pirelli Building at Milan), are so coarsely done as to present a travesty of the originals.

Astronomy

CORLISS, W. R. *Some Mysteries of the Universe*. Edited by Patrick Moore. 216pp. A. and C. Black, 30s.

What a welcome relief it is to find a modern book on astronomy which is different. Instead of the usual sketchy survey of the whole subject, Mr. Corliss has selected eleven different problems and has discussed each of these in some depth. He begins with the controversy over the origin of the universe and follows with well-argued accounts of quasars, relativity, the ages and life-history of the stars, and the nature of the Sun.

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government. Not until each nation insists that its own state machinery upholds the ideals of justice and harmony will it be feasible to carry these ideals into the relations between individual nations. Meanwhile, it is the specialized machinery of the United Nations—machinery already more successful than the more widely advertised political functions—which offers the best hope for progress.

Railways

CARPER, ROBERT S. *The Railway in Transition*. 260pp. Thomas Yoseloff, £5 5s.

Mr. Carper describes with force and imagination the great American railway revolution which began in the late 1940s. The steam locomotive, the Iron Horse, potent American symbol, was replaced by the more efficient diesel, but still the passenger traffic dwindled away to a trickle. Now, thanks to the adoption of technological advances, for example the introduction of piggy-back cars and specialized container trains, there has been a resurgence of freight traffic and there are hopes that new high-speed inter-city train sets may well catch the eye and the custom of the frustrated car driver and air passenger. Mr. Carper offers more than 200 splendid illustrations most of which are his own.

Reference Books

B.B.C. *Handbook 1969*. 280pp. 44 pages of photographs. British Broadcasting Corporation, 7s. 6d.

The annual paperback guide to the B.B.C. and its radio and television services.

Britain: *An Official Handbook*. 1969. 518pp. H.M.S.O. 32s. 6d.

The twentieth edition of the annual publication which is prepared by the Central Office of Information with the mainstay of the reference facilities provided by the British Information Services overseas, and is also much used by reference libraries in this country. It gives a great deal of information about official Britain, especially about such things as government, social welfare, education, and the economy. It is illustrated and has several diagrams and maps.

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Travel and Topography
LOCHHEAD, MARION. *Port Scott Country*. 180pp. Hale, 25s.

From New Caledonia to North Berwick is a hundred and it is nearly as far from the sea as it is from the largest town in the whole of the Eastern Borders, and it would be possible to describe, and to which Mr. Lochhead devotes this pleasant book. This is still, therefore, one of the Great Britain; and any ground book, such as the one gives the lie to that favourite's cliché, "There is nothing in the fringes". There is precious little Celtic about these Norman, Saxon saints, and wool to be seen about such men as Scott, Selkirk, and Andrew Lang, is the cradle of much that is the literature of Scotland and Britain. Above all it is the heart of the greatest ballad world, and the first to be told.

The scenery and patterns Borders are complex, and sympathies with Miss Lochhead's tendency to be discursive and romantic. Her chapters are suitably behind one another, woolly tail. But rather as physical geography (there is a good sketch map, but it is a bit too much like a river system or the roll of the ground at hand, have been a help; and the line paragraph, might have struck a bit less often.

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